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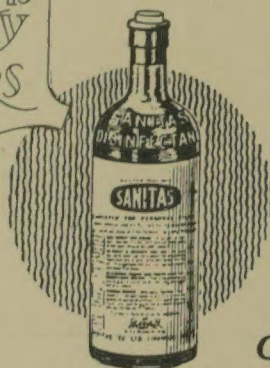
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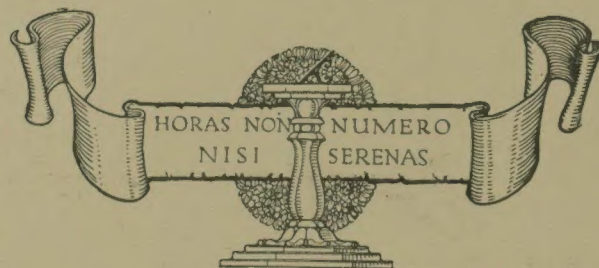
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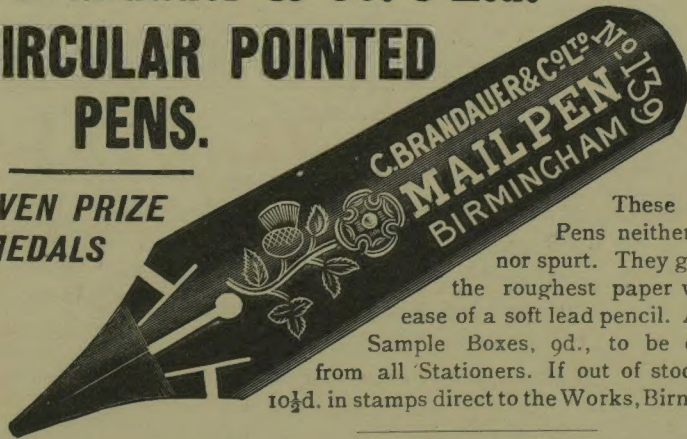
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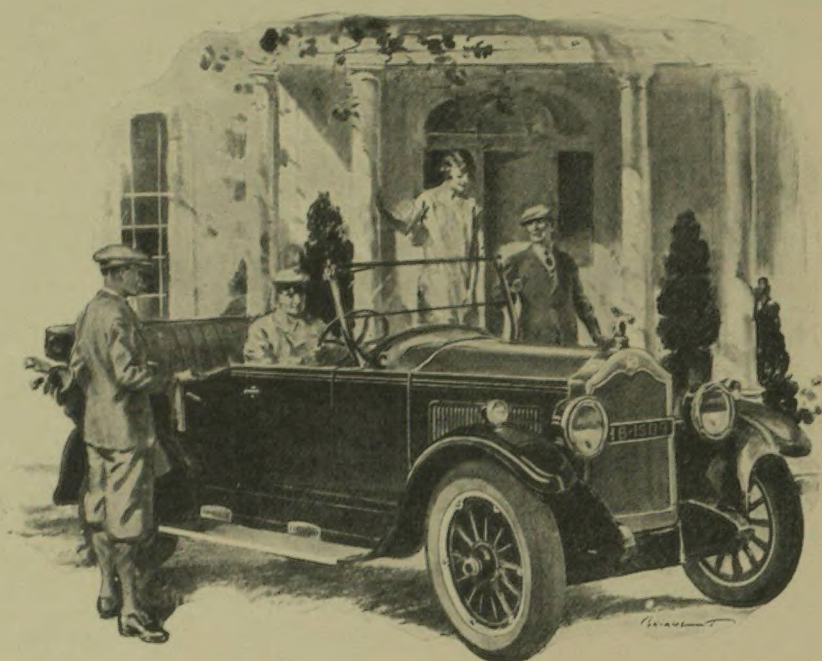
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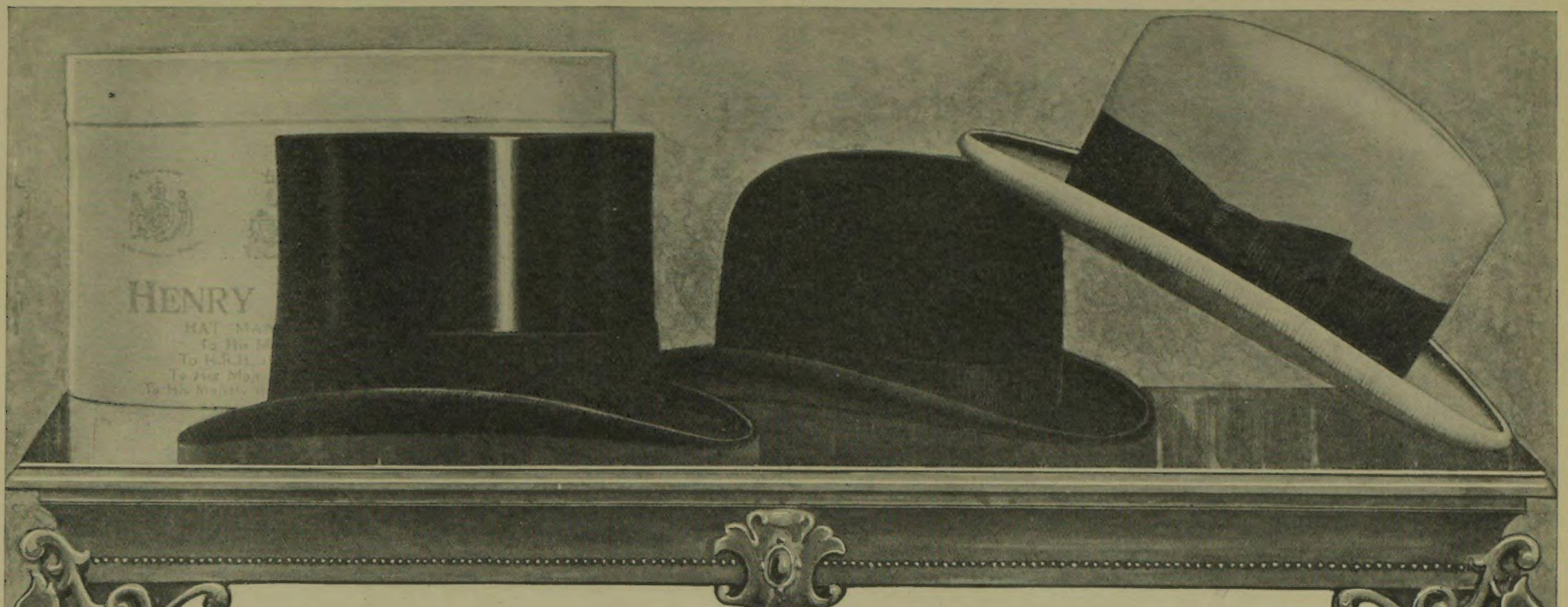
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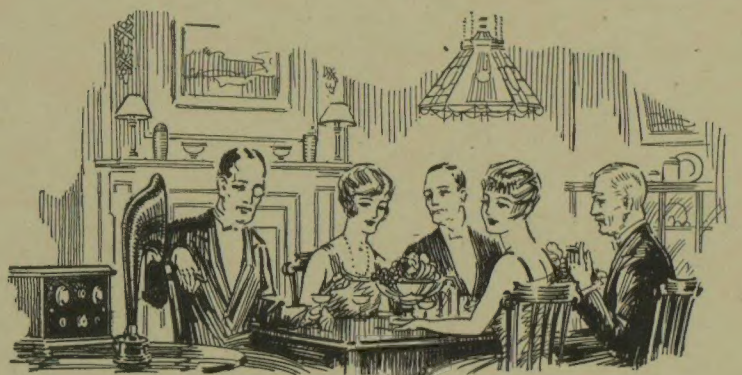
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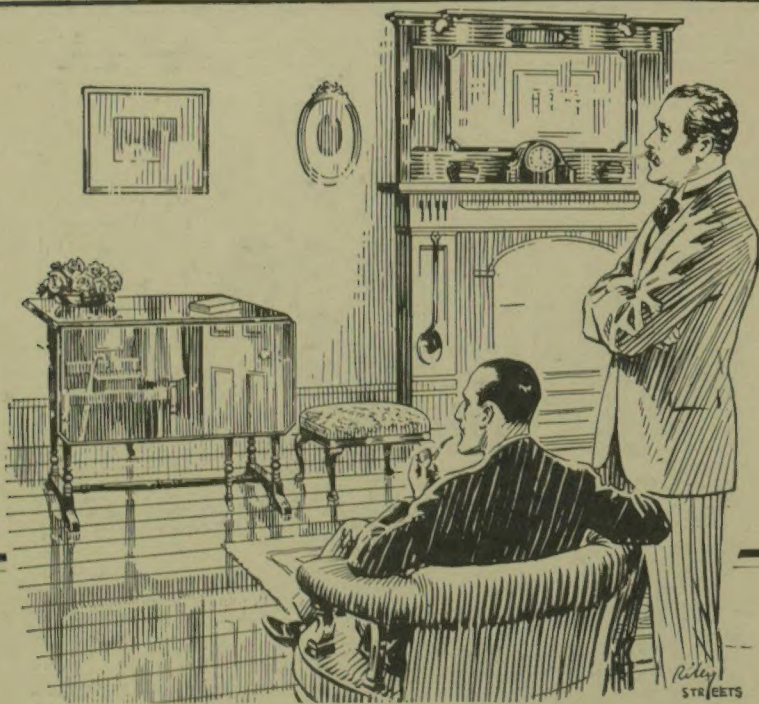
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1925.

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A TRIUMPH OF BIG-GAME PHOTOGRAPHY: "DRAGGING HIS KILL"—ONE OF THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPHS EVER TAKEN OF A TIGER IN ITS NATIVE JUNGLE.

It needs a bold photographer to tackle the tiger in his native jungle, but this feat of skill and daring has at length been accomplished, as shown in the wonderful flashlight photographs by Mr. F. W. Champion on this and other pages, and described by him in his article on page 610. "These photographs," he writes,

in a letter that accompanied them, "are quite unique, no satisfactory photographs ever having been taken before, to my knowledge, of tigers in their native haunts." What does the tiger himself think about it? "The flash is so sudden," says Mr. Champion, "that he probably takes it for a flash of lightning."

PHOTOGRAPH BY F. W. CHAMPION, INDIAN FOREST SERVICE.

THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPHS OF TIGERS IN THEIR NATURAL HAUNTS.

By F. W. CHAMPION, Indian Forest Service.

FOR some years the writer of this article has been seeking opportunities of taking photographs by daylight of tigers in their natural haunts, but his efforts have met with no success whatever. Occasionally, tigers may be met moving about the jungle in the day-time, and it is just possible on very rare occasions to make an exposure either from on foot or from the back of a tame elephant; but, even on these hard-earned opportunities, the chances are that the tiger will be moving too fast to admit of photography under the light-conditions prevailing in the jungle, or else he will be standing or lying in such deep shade that it is quite impossible to obtain a fully exposed plate, even if the position is such that photography be possible at all. The only good chance of photographing a tiger by daylight that the writer has ever had was some eight years ago, in the Ramnagar Forest Division of the United Provinces, and this was unfortunately on an occasion when he was out shooting, and not on a photographic expedition. The opportunity occurred as follows, and is not likely to be repeated.

There was a certain contour path round a hill-side in moderately open jungle, frequented by sambhar, and this path was swept clear beforehand of all leaves and twigs, making it possible for the hunter to creep absolutely silently along when wearing stalking boots of rubber or grass. One morning, at about 8 a.m., in the winter, with quite a bright sun shining, the writer crept along the path carrying a light rifle, and followed by a Pathan *shikari* whose duty it was to keep the heavy double-barrelled rifle to hand. Just as the party approached a corner of the hill, a long shadow—the sun was low, as it was still early—was seen advancing towards them from the opposite direction; so the writer and his *shikari* stood perfectly still, expecting a sambhar to come round the corner. The shadow came nearer and nearer, until at last a tiger appeared creeping along, with his gaze directed up the hill-slope, which he was intently searching in the hope of discovering a possible dinner. He did not see the motionless figures in front of him at first, as his whole attention was fixed on the slope above, and he came slowly on to within five or six yards, when suddenly he looked ahead straight into the eyes of the two men standing in front of him. He immediately stopped dead, and the look of astonishment which appeared on his face was clearly visible to the two somewhat nervous *shikaris*.

The writer has since learnt that such a facing shot is too dangerous to take unless the tiger is actually attacking, but he was a novice then, and, after slowly changing rifles with the *shikari*, and taking careful aim at the tiger's head, he attempted to pull the trigger, only to find that the rifle refused to fire. He then took it down from his shoulder to examine, with the tiger standing perfectly motionless and watching him the whole time, and found that, in the excitement of the moment, he had forgotten to cock the hammers. Realising what was the matter, he pulled back one of the hammers, and, on hearing the click, the tiger stepped quickly to one side into the forest, only to be missed owing to the bullet striking a small tree in front of him as he was going away! This was regrettable from the *shikar* point of view, but how much more so to a keen animal photographer. A tiger standing on a jungle path in a perfect light within a few yards, and affording an excellent opportunity for at least half-a-dozen exposures with a reflex camera—and no camera present!

The above example is given to show that such photographic opportunities do occur, but they are so rare that the writer has ultimately been forced to try other methods, which in the end have proved

more successful. The most obvious of these other methods is to sit in a *machan* over a kill, in the hope that the tiger will return to feed while there is still sufficient daylight to admit of the necessarily instantaneous exposure. This has been frequently tried, but it is not to be recommended, in that tigers in most places return to their kills either just at dusk or after dark, so that the chances of their putting in an appearance in photographically possible daylight are so small as to afford little hope of success. Another method is to beat tigers past the photographer, as in ordinary tiger-shooting; but in this case the tiger is being harried by man, and is hence not quite under natural conditions. Also, he is generally moving moderately fast through fairly thick cover—tigers will not break across the open—so that such photography is very difficult, not to mention the further difficulty of inducing any companions that may be with one to hold up their fire until even a single exposure has been made!

Under these circumstances, the only method left was to try flashlight photography, and this has luckily been rendered easier by an American flashlight invention, in which the shutter is worked by means

malaria from the bites of mosquitoes; but all these are part of the game, and are common to all forms of tiger *shikar*.

Another method is to decide beforehand the position one wishes the tiger to take up, to focus the camera on that spot, and then to try to induce him to pose—unconsciously, needless to say—in that particular place, and, in posing, to complete an electric circuit connected with the flashes and shutter. This, of course, is far from an easy thing to do, and requires a considerable knowledge of the habits of tigers; but it is occasionally possible, either near a kill or on a track frequented by tigers, who by habit travel along paths in preference to through the jungle. The main objection is that the whole apparatus has to be set up beforehand, so that any other visitor to the kill, or passer-by, before the arrival of the tiger, will fire the circuit, and hence spoil the chance. This frequently happens, and the writer's photographic bag when the apparatus has been set for tigers includes a man, a wild elephant, a sloth bear, two hyenas, a leopard, a jungle cat, a bird, and a twig falling as a result of a strong wind. As the cost of the necessarily large quantities of flash-powder required is considerable, this is a very serious disadvantage indeed. Of the two flashlight methods, the latter has so far proved the more successful, but the sitting-up method is more interesting and sporting, and it may ultimately be found that the focussing difficulty can be overcome with further trial.

There are various photographic points in this work which may be of interest. Two simultaneous flashes are always employed, thus preventing the shadows from becoming too heavy; the fastest plates procurable are preferable, although the photograph of the tiger pulling his kill was taken at 1-50 sec. on a special rapid plate; suitable exposures are from 1-150 to 1-200 sec., with f 6.8 on an ultra-rapid plate; these exposures being about the shortest one can give with artificial light, and in most cases are sufficiently short to stop the movement of the tiger. The question of the lens is also of importance. The photographs illustrating this article were taken with a 6 in. lens working at f 6.8 on a quarter-plate, and the objection to this is that so short a focal length tends to give bad perspective, whereas a longer focal length involves placing the camera further away, which, with the intensity of the light varying inversely as the square

of the distance, is very objectionable where artificial light is concerned. Also the longer the focal length and the bigger the lens aperture, the less the depth of focus, so that big aperture lenses of considerable focal length, however desirable they may be from a perspective point of view, are not satisfactory for this work. Incidentally, the perspective in the original negative of the picture of the tiger creeping towards his kill is bad, as a result of the 6 in. lens, but it has been possible to correct this in enlargement. A last point of interest is as to what the tiger thinks about being photographed in this way. At first thought it would seem that he must be terribly frightened by the noise and flash of the exploding powder, but experience shows that this does not appear to be the case, at any rate where he takes his own photograph, and is not frightened by the presence of the photographer in a neighbouring tree. There is no sign or sound of his enemy, man; the flash is so sudden that he probably takes it for a flash of lightning, and no harm is done to him whatever. Certainly the tiger will desert the particular kill, but in a number of cases tigers which have been through the ordeal have remained in the same localities, so that the fright is at least not sufficient to cause them to abandon their chosen haunts, as so frequently happens when tigers are shot at and missed.



"TIGER, TIGER, BURNING BRIGHT IN THE FORESTS OF THE NIGHT": A REMARKABLE FLASHLIGHT PHOTOGRAPH OF THE KING OF THE JUNGLE IN HIS NATIVE HAUNTS.

Photograph by F. W. Champion, Indian Forest Service.

of the force of the igniting flash-powder acting on a movable lever. The apparatus used by the writer consists of an ordinary camera placed on the ground on a tripod, focussed on a certain point fixed previously in the day-time, and connected with the flash-lamps, the whole, of course, being carefully camouflaged, and the locality disturbed as little as possible. The photographer can then sit in a tree near and watch for the return of the tiger, firing the flashes and shutter electrically when he considers the pose suitable. This is the more sporting method, and gives one better opportunities of studying the habits of tigers, but it involves a number of disadvantages.

By far the most serious of these is that such photography at close quarters requires very accurate focussing, and at night time it is very difficult to see the exact position of the tiger in the dark, so that the risk of inaccurate focussing, or not centring the animal properly on the plate, is very considerable indeed. Should the tiger put in an appearance in daylight, well and good; but unfortunately this rarely occurs in the jungles where these photographs have been taken. There are other disadvantages, such as the risk of the approaching tiger seeing, smelling, or hearing one in the tree, the time required for all-night sittings, and the danger of contracting

INDIA'S DEADLIEST MAN-KILLER: TIGERS CAUGHT UNAWARES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY F. W. CHAMPION, INDIAN FOREST SERVICE.



THE ANIMAL RESPONSIBLE FOR 1174 DEATHS IN A YEAR: A REMARKABLE INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPH, TAKEN BY FLASHLIGHT, OF A TIGER AT LARGE IN THE INDIAN JUNGLE BY NIGHT.



"CREEPING TOWARDS HIS KILL": THE GREAT CAT OF THE INDIAN JUNGLE CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA IN HIS NATURAL STATE—A WONDERFUL FLASHLIGHT PHOTOGRAPH.

The wonderful photographs of tigers—the first ever taken of them in their native haunts—given in this number, are the work of Mr. F. W. Champion, who describes how he obtained them in his article on page 610. Some interesting figures regarding the destructiveness of the Indian tiger were given recently by the Calcutta correspondent of the "Morning Post." "The Indian tiger," he writes, "is the most successful member of the jungle in the contest with man, for, unlike its brethren, it inflicts nearly as many casualties as it suffers. This is brought out by a return of the

Government of India, showing the mortality from wild animals and venomous snakes. Last year the total number of persons killed by wild animals in British India amounted to 2587, as against 3605 in the previous year. Tigers were responsible for 1174 deaths, leopards for 406, wolves for 419, bears for 82, elephants for 41, and hyenas for 19. Deaths from snake-bite fell from 19,990 to 19,867. During the year, 21,032 wild animals were reported to have been destroyed, of which 1706 were tigers, 5202 leopards, 2799 bears, and 1743 wolves."



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

AMONG the authors whom the *Daily Express* summoned to state their religions, I pin my faith to Mr. Oppenheim. Or rather, to speak more strictly, I was prepared to pin my faith to Mr. Oppenheim. What I had known of him, in another world of thought, had led me to suppose he was quite capable of producing any number of new religions. I hoped he might offer me a place in some vast secret society of Thugs, secretly worshipping a colossal idol concealed somewhere in a small cellar in a house in West Hampstead. I could imagine a real thrill in some midnight expedition, in which Mr. Oppenheim and I, robed in strange and stiff archaic vestments covered with sinister symbols, would creep out to offer sacrifice (preferably human sacrifice) to a red-hot monkey, or whatever might be the symbol of the spirit of True Religion dwelling within us. It must be confessed that Mr. Oppenheim's real religion is a little disappointing after these dreams. It is quite as philosophical as most of the others; but I do not think that the most brilliant novelists of to-day shine at the exposition of a philosophy, let alone a religion. It is amazing to note how brilliantly they interpret other people's feelings, and how badly they interpret their own thoughts. They seem to know far more about the secret emotions of a Hungarian waiter in an American hotel than they know about their own reasons for holding their own opinions. I say opinions; for in this case it is very difficult to say religions. Religion is a word connected with words like ligament and obligation; and I know not who could be bound by these ropes of sand.

If I smile a little at Mr. Oppenheim being summoned to the theological council to give us his experiences of religion, I fear it will be thought at first that my amusement is either disrespectful to religion or disrespectful to Mr. Oppenheim. As a fact, I do not mean to be disrespectful to either. I do quite seriously mean that Mr. Oppenheim stands for something that is lacking in all the other, and more highbrow, contributors to the discussion. But the element they lack and I value is to be found in Mr. Oppenheim's romances, and not in Mr. Oppenheim's religion. What is the matter with the other writers' versions of man and the world he lives in is something that was expressed by somebody in "The Wrong Box." There doesn't seem to be any story in it. They give us no notion of what they think happened, or how, or why, or what is to be done about it. They say that good is good and evil is evil; and perhaps it cannot be said too often. But really they have nothing else to say, and saying it for several columns is apt to be a little verbose. It is not merely that they do not believe in a divine cause or eternal consequences. They do not really refer to any causes or any consequences; their agnosticism is quite static, not to say stagnant. There is nothing in it to make it move as a story moves. It does not even move as a proposition of Euclid moves, proving one thing and making it the basis of the next. Like the people who made a solitude and called it peace, it makes an emptiness and calls it emancipation. The ablest of the contributors are quite conscious of this: "I am well aware how desperately vague this is," writes Mr. Hugh Walpole. Nobody will say that a story of Mr. Oppenheim, however desperate, is desperately vague.

It would be easy to construct for fun a complete theology for Mr. Oppenheim, with Heaven as a

luxuriously laid-out hotel in Monte Carlo; and Purgatory as an interminable railway journey going to Monte Carlo; and Hell as a cellar under the Thames, where fiendish and ruthless Chinamen extort by tortures a promise never to go to Monte Carlo any more. It would be interesting to note the neat and dexterous disguise of St. Michael as a young officer

but they have really nothing to say to anybody else who does not feel it. And that is because there is not in their thoughts any sort of sequence or process or climax that is anything like so convincing and satisfactory as a story by Mr. Oppenheim.

The truth is that the work of Cervantes has been sufficiently done; and it is time we went back to the other side. The truth is, in other words, that there never was a scheme nearer to the deepest reality of life than that of the old romance of chivalry. If we must have a merely elementary statement of essential religion, that is the right outline of the story: that Man is sent forth by an authority that is good, like King Arthur or a fairy godmother, into a world that is wonderful, but contains dangers and temptations, like dragons and wizards; that he is sent upon a quest or trial; that is, that he is judged by the same authority that sent him forth. That is the story at the heart of all healthy life and literature; and it is quite true that people who are healthy can sometimes act on it without arguing it out. But if they *do* argue it out, they will find it implies certain dogmas; as that there is a design, that it is a benevolent design, but that it does allow of free will, and makes the good a matter of choice. Those who thought they could hold that healthy romance for ever, merely by being healthy and without holding any of the dogmas that justify it, are more and more finding out their mistake. Hence, when they are asked to state what they really do believe about life, they become "desperately vague." And they have now reached the point where it is not only more and more difficult to state a creed, but even more and more difficult to tell a story.

Now, nearly all the novelists who figured in the symposium of the *Daily Express* were people expressing a healthy view of the human destiny, but unable to give to the intellect any intelligible formula for keeping it healthy. They could not write any medical prescription for it when it is unhealthy. They gave private and personal reasons for being ethical. I might almost say they offered excuses for being ethical. Each of them acknowledged a little weakness for mercy and justice, and said he could not help it. Each of them owned up to the secret practice of various virtues of charity and self-control. But none of them really had anything to say to the man who has twisted his tastes so that they point in the opposite direction. As they are very fond of appealing to the merciful maxims of the New Testament, I would suggest that there is another meaning in the saying that those who are well need not a physician, but those that are sick. Idealism of this sort will do nothing for those that are sick; as, for instance, those pessimists who are sick of everything. And the reason is simple and logical. They cannot make a diagnosis or prescribe a medicine because they will not stoop to study the anatomy or physiology—which in this case is theology. When we talk of where a thing comes from, they say it is a dogma invented by priests. When we talk of where a thing goes to, they say it is a superstitious threat about a jealous God. They will not study their own moral sense as a moral science. They will not be logical for fear they should be theological. They stand in the middle of the story of man; they skip the beginning and refuse to read to the end. And nobody does that with a novel of Mr. Oppenheim.



TO BE COMMEMORATED IN THE KENTISH VILLAGE WHERE HE DEVOTED HIS LIFE TO THE STUDY OF PREHISTORIC FLINT IMPLEMENTS: THE LATE MR. BENJAMIN HARRISON, GROCER AND ARCHÆOLOGIST. Mr. Benjamin Harrison, village grocer, of Ightham, Kent, devoted his life to the collection and examination of ancient flint implements, and his work led to their re-classification. It is proposed to erect a tablet to him in Ightham Church, and to purchase Coldrum Stone Circle (illustrated below) as part of the memorial. He was the father of Sir Edward Harrison, head of Somerset House as Chief Inspector of Taxes.

engaged in the Secret Service, and the appearance of Satan as the great universal German spy, with four chins and five pairs of spectacles. But I do quite



TO BE BOUGHT AS PART OF THE HARRISON MEMORIAL: COLDRUM STONE CIRCLE, NEAR IGHTHAM, KENT. Coldrum Stone Circle, a megalithic monument in Kent, is described by Sir Arthur Keith in his "Antiquity of Man," where he also pays a high tribute to Mr. Benjamin Harrison and his "important discoveries." The Harrison Memorial Committee, which hopes to purchase the Stone Circle, has as President, Lord Avebury; as Hon. Treasurer, Professor Percy Newberry; and as Hon. Sec., the Rev. Morgan Gilbert, Old Bury Hall, Ightham.

seriously mean the comparison as a compliment. I would rather belong to Mr. Oppenheim's religion, if only his romance were his religion, than to all these inconclusive things thrown out by the other thinkers. Some course of thought and action can follow from the belief that God made the world, or that Germany made the war. But there is really nothing in the ideals set forth in the *Daily Express* to distinguish one course of action from another. The writers say they feel this or that general obligation,

OUR ANAGLYPHS.

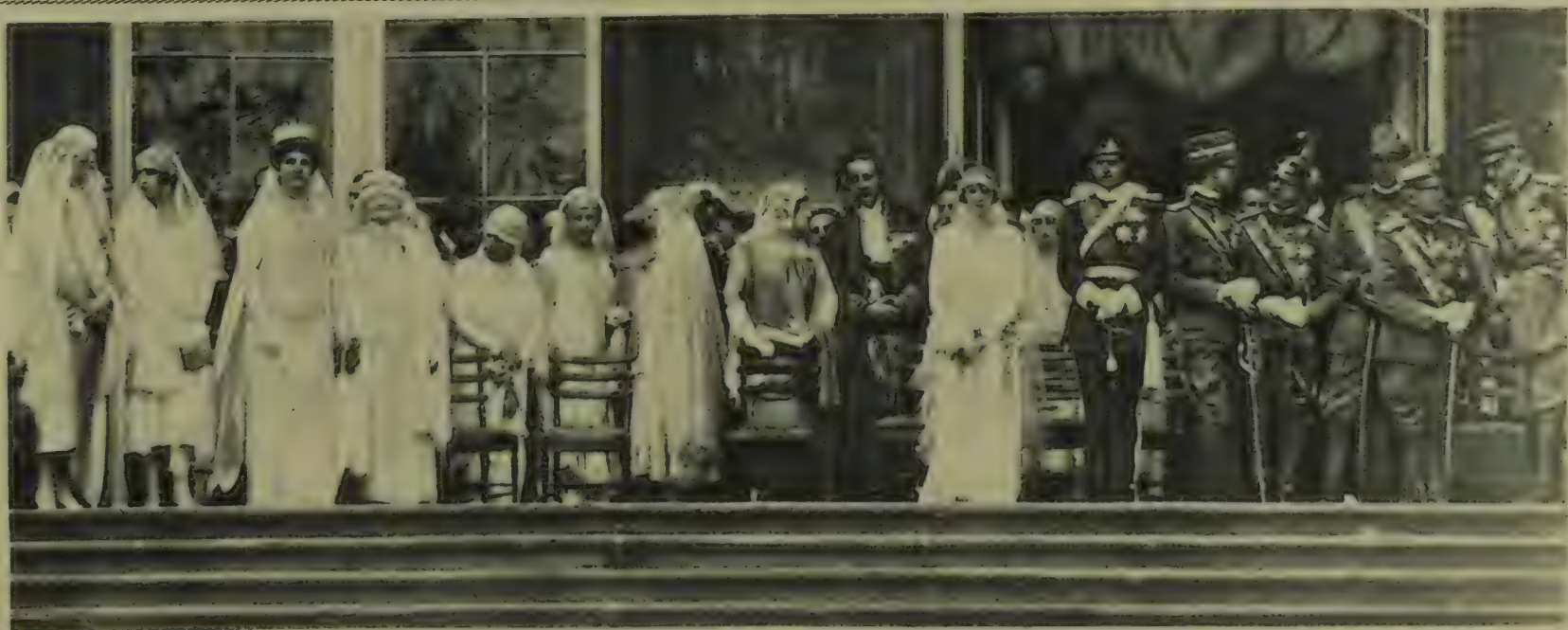
Readers who have not yet obtained one of the special masks for viewing our Anaglyphs in stereoscopic relief may do so by filling up the coupon on page 656, and forwarding it with postage stamps value three-halfpence (Inland) or twopence-halfpenny (Foreign), addressed to "The Illustrated London News" (Anaglyph), 15, Essex Street, London, W.C.2.

AN ITALO-GERMAN ROYAL MARRIAGE: PRINCESS MAFALDA'S WEDDING.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CENTRAL PRESS AND P. AND A.



A FASCIST SALUTE IN HONOUR OF THE PRESENCE OF SIGNOR MUSSOLINI, WHO, AS CROWN NOTARY, TOOK PART IN THE CIVIL CEREMONY: AN INCIDENT OF THE GREAT PROCESSION OF PRIVATE MOTOR-CARS PAST THE ROYAL GROUP AT THE CASTLE OF RACCONIGI AFTER THE WEDDING.



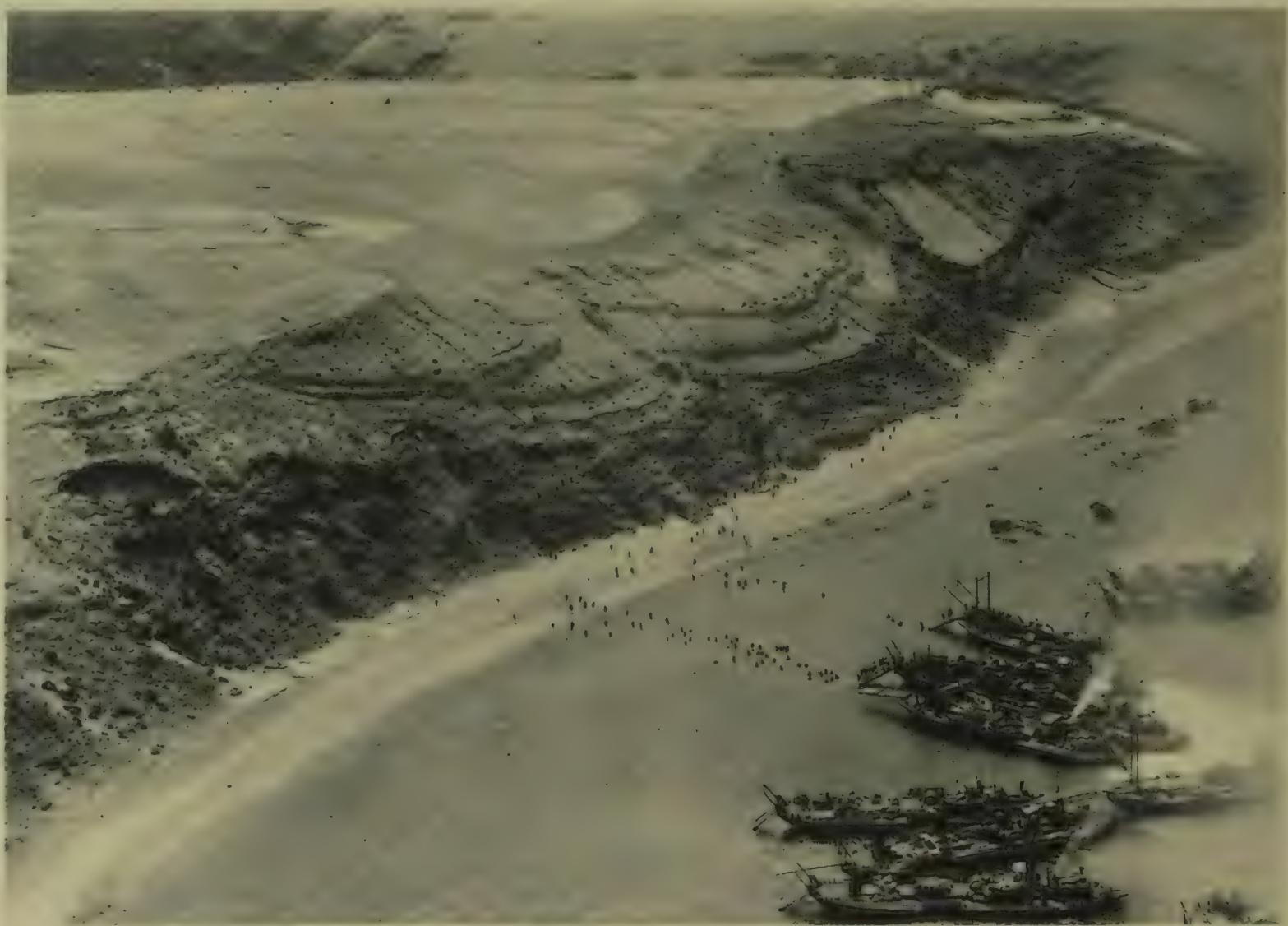
AFTER THE WEDDING OF PRINCESS MAFALDA AND PRINCE PHILIP OF HESSE AT THE ITALIAN ROYAL CASTLE OF RACCONIGI: THE ROYAL BRIDAL PARTY AT THE PORTICO OF THE CASTLE, SHOWING THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM (CENTRE), THE QUEEN OF ITALY (LEFT), AND KING VICTOR (SECOND FROM RIGHT).

The wedding of Princess Mafalda, the second daughter of the King and Queen of Italy, to Prince Philip of Hesse, nephew of the ex-Kaiser, took place with great pomp and ceremony at the royal castle of Racconigi, in Piedmont, on September 23. The civil ceremony was performed by Signor Tittoni, President of the Senate, and Signor Mussolini, who, as Prime Minister, is the Crown Notary. Afterwards the religious service was conducted in the private chapel of the castle by Mgr. Beccaria, the Royal Chaplain. In the afternoon a procession of hundreds of private motor-cars, from Turin, Milan, Genoa, and else-

where, all decorated with flowers, passed by the foot of the castle steps, at the top of which the bride and bridegroom and the royal guests had assembled. The marriage is described as a love match, and not one of convenience. The couple met two years ago at an art exhibition in Rome and discovered community of artistic tastes. Prince Philip, it is said, having served against the Allies as a Prussian officer, at first feared to propose, but eventually did so last year, and obtained King Victor's consent. Prince Philip is an architect, and has designed his future home, a little villa near the Villa Savoia.

SPAIN'S BLOW AT ABDEL KRIM'S HEADQUARTERS: THE LANDING.

AIR PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN FROM SPANISH AND FRENCH AEROPLANES. No. 1 SUPPLIED BY THE "TIMES."



1. THE FIRST SPANISH LANDING ON CEBADILLA BEACH ON SEPTEMBER 8: AN AIR-VIEW SHOWING SCOUTS CLIMBING THE SANDHILLS, AND TROOPS DISEMBARKING FROM THE BOATS, ON TWO OF WHICH MAY BE SEEN TURRETED TANKS.



2. AFTERWARDS USED WITH GREAT EFFECT TO BOMB ABDEL KRIM'S HEADQUARTERS AT AJDIR AND HIS BATTERIES AND TRENCHES ON THE COAST: AEROPLANES ON A SPANISH AIRCRAFT-CARRIER DURING THE LANDING OPERATIONS.

After the optimistic statement made recently at Tetuan by the Marquis de Estella, who shortly afterwards landed at Morro Nuevo and inspected the Spanish positions in Alhucemas Bay, it was regarded as certain that the Spanish leader intended to make a determined attack on the neighbouring headquarters of Abdel Krim at Ajdir, the Rifi capital. The Spanish success in the fighting near Alhucemas on September 23, and the fact that the enemy had not since attacked the Spanish lines, gave great hope of a further Spanish victory. In his statement, it may be recalled, the Marquis de Estella said: "I believe that we shall soon be in Ajdir, which will become our

base for further operations. . . . The main difficulties in the occupation of Alhucemas have now been overcome; the disembarkation has been carried out easily and happily, and the base has been solidly established, with two beaches protected from opposite winds. . . . The forces will soon be at Ajdir, and will permanently constitute a nucleus at a place where, a few years hence, there will be a pretty city and a good harbour, with an easy and short line of communications to the capital of Morocco." The Spaniards hoped, it was said, that a French flying column would cross the mountain passes and join them in an attack on Ajdir.

FRANCE'S BLOW AT ABDEL KRIM'S SOUTHERN FRONT IN MOROCCO.



THE FRENCH SIDE OF THE WAR IN MOROCCO, WHERE MARSHAL PÉTAIN'S FORCES HAVE RECOVERED ALL THE GROUND LOST IN THE SUMMER: THE OLD POST OF JEBEL AMSEFT REOCCUPIED BY FRENCH TROOPS SINCE AUGUST 26.



FRENCH ARTILLERY IN THE HILL COUNTRY NORTH OF TAZA: A BATTERY OF HOWITZERS IN THE TERRITORY OF THE BRANES—SHOWING (RIGHT FOREGROUND) THE WIRELESS APPARATUS BY WHICH COMMUNICATION IS MAINTAINED WITH HEADQUARTERS.

The success of the first stage of the French offensive in Morocco resulted in the recovery of all the ground lost to the Rifi invaders this summer, the capture of the great stronghold of Biban, and the submission of several hill tribes who had joined Abdel Krim. The French advance has been carried out methodically; the ground won has been consolidated, and the lengthening lines of communication carefully maintained. The campaign has also been notable for the use of aircraft and light tanks in mountain warfare. The French movements have been co-ordinated with those of the Spanish forces at Alhucemas. The Spanish leader, the Marquis de Estella, said in his

important statement recently: "Our close *liaison* and collaboration with France gives great unity of operations without any necessity for one supreme command, because everything was foreseen in the agreement come to at the Madrid Conference." On September 23 it was reported that a foretaste of the winter rains, which are likely to put an end to serious military activity early in November, had been experienced on the French front in the Taza district, where a storm turned dry channels into torrents, and flooded all the rivers over which the Fez-Taza road passes, so that the bridge could not be used by heavy motor-lorries.

A Master "Cuttlr": A Woman in Russian Central Asia.

"THROUGH KHIVA TO GOLDEN SAMARKAND." By ELLA R. CHRISTIE.*

SAVE for the linguistic aid of intermittent interpreters, Miss Ella Christie followed her slogan: "Down to Gehenna or up to the throne, He travels the fastest who travels alone." Her way was wilful. Even before she started on her venture—and it was before the "War to end War" stained the soil, reddened Russia, and "reduced" all Europe—she had to contend with passport and permit delays, and with a pessimistic, well-seconded Foreign Office which told of a most insanitary condition of Russian Central Asia—plague, small-pox, and virulent fevers.



COMMEMORATING TAMERLANE'S BELOVED CHINESE WIFE: RUINS OF THE MOSQUE OF BIBI KHANUM AT SAMARKAND.

Buoyantly, however, our wanderer set out, breezily she discounted difficulties, liberally she scattered insect-powder, and cheerily she won through. Eager to see and to understand, steeped in the stories of her subject, she was interested at every stride and at every turn—by the big things and the small, the mass and the detail. Little escaped her; nothing that she sought; and she "Cuttlr" unceasingly, finding, and making notes heroically.

At the market of the native quarter of Ashkabad, she remarked that "a rather uncommon use is made of the cotton-seed, besides the ordinary one of oil-cake. The seed is crushed and then moulded into the form of a jug with a short spout, in which is contained the oil which has been already expressed from the small brown seeds." And there are long-cherished melons. "By means of some secret of preserving them they can be had in a fresh state all the year round. The process is said to consist of burying them in the sand, and doubtless the extreme dryness of the atmosphere assists to bring about the result."

To which must be added unexpected raw material for *kvass*, a favourite drink, somewhat resembling a very light beer: "fragments which looked like dark-coloured cement brick, but were the refuse of black bread discarded months before by the soldiery." And: "the itinerant smoke vendor, offering a smoke of his *chilim* or native pipe for the fraction of a farthing, but how many draws are allowed I never ascertained. The pipe itself is a gourd of artificial shape, mounted in brass. On the top is fixed a terracotta receptacle to hold the ashes and tobacco, or else it may be *mahorka*, a preparation of hemp-seed, somewhat narcotic in its effect. At the side is inserted a bamboo stem, and it is the business of the vendor to see that it is in proper working order, and, if the smoke be not to his satisfaction, a customer may return the pipe and ask him to make it draw."

At ruined Merv, a memory. Ginghiz Khan, "the very mighty king" captured Merv, and, it is said, put over a million of the inhabitants to death. "This may possibly be an exaggeration, though the Mongol method of numbering the slain should have made for accuracy—every thousandth corpse was buried head downwards, with the feet sticking up."

Then to Charjoi, and the Oxus, of which Lord Curzon of Kedleston wrote in the manner he graced so well: "The Gihon of Eden, that encompasseth the whole land of Ethiopia, the Vak-Shu of Sanscrit

literature, the Oxus of the Greeks, the Amu Daria or River Sen of the Tatars, no river, not even the Nile, can claim a nobler tradition or a more illustrious history. Descending from the hidden Roof of the World, its waters tell of forgotten peoples and whisper secrets of unknown lands. . . . They have worn a channel deep into the fate of humanity."

And so, past the mounds that are "the bones of the horse of the prophet Elijah," past Novi Urgentsch, a centre of the cotton trade; past a new building designed to be post-office and fever hospital combined, to mud-walled, ditched Khiva. Within the town the very East—roads and streets that are but tracks, boggy in the wet, dust-swathed in the heat; all, except the most tattered and torn beggar, on animal-back or in droshky; the bazaars colourful and clamorous; a pillared, domed, and tiled Palace; artisans at their labour, buyers and sellers at their chaffering; minarets and merchandise; cattle at the plough and as beasts of burden; owl feathers cheating the evil eye; the inevitable sheep with the fat tail which "provides the animal with sustenance in the same way as does the camel's hump"; and the sheep from which is obtained the lambskin called *caracul*. Concerning this, Miss Christie writes: "The skins of the very young lambs show a texture equal to the finest plush, and are known to the trade as *bébé* lamb, or *breitswanz*. . . . Some skins that may almost be called 'freaks' fetched enormous prices. One skin alone had cost £600 because of its three shades of colouring—black, white, and brown—and the curl was peculiarly regular. Another was reckoned at a high figure because of what was supposed to be the word 'Allah' formed in Arabic characters, in brown on a white ground."

In Bokhara was heard the low, musical whistle of the blind masseurs; and the Jews were seen, suffering for the sins of their fathers by having to wear "a distinctive dress, which includes a cloth cap, limited as to fur trimming, and a string girdle." The bazaars, of course, are famous—each craft in its own particular quarter, and in the open squares the small traders. And there is a point that must be quoted. It concerns the fine embroidery: "No piece is ever fully completed, to avoid bringing ill-luck on the worker."

To be chronicled, also, are the water-carriers who obviate the dangers of the germ-infested tank; the Reis, one of the officials who keeps "the conscience of the king" and watches over the morals of the people, administering summary and unquestioned punishment with a whip; doctors whose pharmacopœia includes the kin of the contents of the witches' cauldron in "Macbeth"; and all the natives—if only for one reason: "The love of Bokhariots for their trees is shown by the care with which they are preserved, even when their removal might seem a necessity, such as when building a house. Rather than cut the tree down the house is built around it—branches are led through the walls and over the roof, and the trunk very often acts as a door-post."

So to Samarkand—and the Reghistan, that splendid marketplace which "was originally, and is still, even in its ruins, the noblest public square in the world," commanded on three of its four sides by as many wonder-mosques.

There Miss Christie spent a festival season—the Orthodox Easter and the Jewish Passover. "One striking feature of the rejoicing was that all the wayside trees in

the native city were hung with covered bird-cages, and these were even suspended across the roadways like lamps. The occupants of the cages were quails, and it is a fashionable amusement of the gilded youths to have quail fights."

There, too, are many memories—of Alexander the Great (still recalled as Iskander Macedonsky); of Tamerlane the Magnificent, the lame, ugly man who worshipped beauty; and of Bibi Khanum, Tamerlane's Chinese wife, in the height of her fame, her train held up by fifteen ladies, her head-dress supported by three, her hair raven black, her face so covered with 'white lead' that it looked like paper."

Further: in the Citadel of Samarkand is the *Koktash*, "virtually what is equivalent to our Stone of Destiny in Westminster Abbey"; and to be seen are the Tomb of Tamerlane, which he himself built in 1386-1404, with its block of jade, 6 ft. in length, 17 in. wide, and 14 in. thick, "the largest known specimen of that stone"; the tomb of Shah Zindeh, who, having suffered decapitation while seeking to convert the fire-worshippers, "picked up his head and jumped down a well which is still shown, from whence he will emerge as the defender of Islam"; the quadrant of the lost observatory of Ulea Beg; and the tomb of a Daniel unspecified. This is said to lengthen a few inches every year, "and when it has encircled the earth the faith of Islam will dominate the world. In order to avoid the risk of any such contingency the Russian authorities said this abnormal growth must cease. So Daniel was enclosed with a new wall."

After that the "Hungry Steppe," and a specimen of the black spider called *Kara-kouri*, whose poison is so virulent that, after being stung, "a camel is dead in three hours . . . and a human being in less time"; Khokand, the Cottonopolis of the country; and Tashkent, desert emporium and the largest and most important city of the Russian possessions in Central Asia.

But to quote more would be useless: samples only suggest the whole, and it must be left to the reader to realise how eminently satisfactory that whole is. That he will fail to do so is impossible. "Through Khiva to Samarkand" is at once a book of incident and of history, a record of much that is passing and of more that is in grave danger in these decadent days of Bolshevism and iconoclasm unrestrained.

E. H. G.



"RATHER THAN CUT THE TREE DOWN, THE HOUSE IS BUILT AROUND IT": A TYPICAL STREET IN BOKHARA, SHOWING BRANCHES GROWING THROUGH HOUSE WALLS.

Illustrations from "Through Khiva to Golden Samarkand," by Ella R. Christie, F.R.G.S. By Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Seeley, Service, and Co.

* "Through Khiva to Golden Samarkand: the Remarkable Story of a Woman's Adventurous Journey Alone through the Deserts of Central Asia to the Heart of Turkestan." By Ella R. Christie, F.R.G.S. With 55 Illustrations and a Map. (Seeley, Service and Co., 21s. net.)

WATER FAMINE IN JERUSALEM: THE HOLY CITY UNDER "RATIONS."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AMERICAN COLONY IN JERUSALEM. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)



HOW 80,000 GALLONS OF WATER ARE BROUGHT DAILY TO THE HOLY CITY FROM LUDD: ONE OF THE THREE WATER-TRAINS ON ARRIVAL AT THE RAILWAY STATION IN JERUSALEM.

"THE Holy City, with its 65,000 inhabitants," writes a correspondent "is suffering from a serious shortage of water, which is now being rationed, the allowance per family being five gallons a day for six days of the week. This has to suffice for drinking, cooking, washing, and cleaning purposes, and the medical authorities fear an outbreak of disease as a consequence. When we took over Jerusalem from the Turks, it was entirely dependant upon the rainfall for its supply of water. This was caught during the rainy season, and stored in underground cisterns till

(Continued below.)



RATIONING WATER AT FIVE GALLONS A DAY PER FAMILY FOR SIX DAYS OF THE WEEK: CROWDS AT A STANDPIPE ON THE SPOT WHERE JERUSALEM WAS SURRENDERED TO THE BRITISH.



GREATLY IN DEMAND THROUGH THE SCARCITY OF WATER: PILES OF WATER MELONS IN A MARKET OUTSIDE THE CITADEL OF ZION.



NOW AGAIN USED FOR JERUSALEM'S WATER SUPPLY: ONE OF SOLOMON'S POOLS (ALMOST EXHAUSTED) REPAIRED BY THE BRITISH ALONG WITH THE WATERWORKS OF PONTIUS PILATE.

(Continued.)

needed. One of the first acts of the British was to clean out these cisterns, some six thousand in number, repair them, and cover them. Then the supply was increased, owing to the rapid growth of the city, by repairing an old reservoir, known as Birkett Arroub, built by Pontius Pilate over two thousand years ago. The reservoir lies some fifteen miles south of the city, and has a capacity of some five million gallons. The three old tanks known as Solomon's Pools were also repaired, and connected with the Birkett Arroub waterworks. All further efforts to increase the water supply of Jerusalem were held up at this period by the claim of a private contractor, who declared that he held a concession from

the Turkish Government to provide Jerusalem with an efficient water supply, as well as with a sewage system. As the authorities refused to recognise the claim, the matter was referred to the Hague Tribunal, which upheld the concession, but refused to award any damages. Meanwhile the citizens of Jerusalem are contending that the contractor should be given a time-limit in which to construct his waterworks, and, if he fails to make good, then the Government should proceed with their schemes. To allay the present suffering, 80,000 gallons of water are brought daily by rail from the springs of Urtas, a costly proposition, seeing that the transportation charges alone total £200 a day."

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

"HOPPING FROM EUROPE TO AMERICA!" A SANGUINE INVENTOR, AND WATER INSECTS.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

WHILE I was holiday-making this year I spent some time in watching those curious aquatic insects known as "pond-skaters," from their habit of actually running, walking, or leaping on the surface of the water, as if it were a skating-rink. It was a most extraordinarily interesting thing to watch. And, being in a punt, one was enabled to get quite close to the water, so as to see how it was done. In every case, of course, this mode of locomotion was made possible by the surface-film of the water. The existence of such a film can easily be demonstrated. Fill a tumbler with water to the brim. It is now, we say, full. But it can be made to hold yet more. Let this be added, very gently, a teaspoonful at a time. Presently it will be found that the surface of the water is higher than the rim of the glass. Yet more water can be added till, at last, the tension on the surface becomes too great—the film gives way, and the heaped-up water flows down the sides of the glass.

This surface-film can be demonstrated in yet another and even more striking way. Take a clean needle, poise it horizontally on the prongs of a fork, and lower the fork and needle on the surface of some water in a conveniently large basin. If the fork is gently taken away from beneath, the needle will be left floating on the surface. Now steel is many times heavier than water, yet the resistance of the surface-film prevents the needle from sinking. The surface-film, in short, is in a state of tension. It behaves like a drum-head. And this because the particles at the surface are in a peculiar condition of aggregation, and temporarily cohere to form a film which, as we have seen, offers resistance to the passage of solid bodies, and can therefore support a weight, or keep a buoyant object from rising through it. It also exerts a pull, which is taken advantage of in the case of the insects of which I want presently to speak. But this film is of extreme tenuity; it is thinner than our imaginations can realise: hence only small bodies are affected by it. I have laid particular emphasis on the existence and nature of this surface-film of water, because it has an important bearing on what I shall presently have to say about a new invention which, it is asserted, will enable men to progress on the surface of water after the fashion of the "pond-skaters," which, we are told, inspired the inventor.

Let us begin with the insects. There are few, surely, who have not watched in amazement the marvellous gyrations of a crowd of black "Whirligig-beetles" on the surface of some sunlit pond in summer time. For a moment they form a dense and motionless crowd, apparently floating on the surface of the water. Suddenly the crowd breaks up, and embarks upon the wildest, maddest dance you ever saw; yet never does one collide with another, even though collisions seem inevitable. If alarmed, they dive, and may be seen swimming about beneath the surface, each carrying a bubble of air attached to the hinder end of the body, and glistening like quicksilver. This air is for respiratory purposes while submerged. To find the key to its gyrations we must examine its legs, and we shall find that the third pair are very broad and paddle-shaped, and fringed by long, stiff hairs, still further increasing the width of the paddle, which is so articulated that it can deal a powerful back-thrust and can be drawn up edgewise for the next stroke, thereby lessening resistance and so conserving speed. The middle pair of legs are also expanded, but to a less degree, while the front pair take no part in locomotion, but are used for taking hold of weeds during submergence.

Very different in form are the "Pond-skaters" and the "Water-gnat," which belong to the bug family. The water-gnat (*Hydrometra*) has an exceedingly long, slender body, one-third of which is formed by the head, which is rod-like in shape. It

(*Gerris*) are much more lively, and, though slender-bodied, have a shorter head. The two hinder pair of legs are excessively long. The hindmost steer the course, the pair immediately in front making the running; while the front pair are used for seizing prey. These legs, like the body itself, are covered in short hairs, forming a velvety pile, preventing the body from being wetted owing to the air they enmesh. Watch one of these strange creatures standing on the surface of a shallow pool in the sunshine, and you will see the shadows cast on the bottom by the dimples on the surface-film made by the feet. Each shadow has a halo of light, due to the refraction of the rays which pass through the curved surface. But the central shadow, cast by the body, has no bright border, showing that the body does not touch the water. At times these frail creatures are blown about by the wind, but at will they can either walk or run, and even leap, with perfect safety.

The space at my disposal will not allow me to say more of these pond-dwellers, because I want to say something about certain remarkable species which belong to the genus *Halobates*, which are found far out on the open ocean, often hundreds of miles from land. Neptune in an angry mood has no terrors for them, for when the waves rise mountain-high they retreat beneath the surface: wherein they differ from the water-gnat, which is easily drowned, and if submerged has great difficulty in regaining the surface. About fifteen species of these oceanic "pond-skaters" are known.

Finally, mention must be made of certain little creatures known as spring-tails, of the genus *Podura*, representing the most primitive of all insects. I found them, some years ago, in Robin Hood's Bay, forming tiny black crowds on the surface of pools at low tide.

But fresh-water species can be seen leaping about on the surface of ponds during the summer. As a rule, they seem to glide over the surface, but suddenly they will leap in all directions. And this by means of a curious rod at the end of the body, which can be thrust forwards, under the belly, and suddenly jerked backwards, driving the body upwards and forwards. Even the sudden thrust of this pointed rod does not break the surface film.

And now as to the new invention. A Frenchman, we are told, named de Gasenko, has devised a machine which he calls an "Oceanoplane," on the lines of these "sea-fleas," or *Poduras*, and the water-gnats and their allies. With this machine he proposes to "hop to America," in a series of giant leaps. The machine is to be provided with two leg-like appendages, with floats as feet. By their flexing and unflexing, the machine is to be "sent bounding over the surface at such a rate that America will be reached, from Marseilles, in ten days!"

But how is this wonderful feat to be accomplished? The insects I have described owe their prowess to their small size and lightness. The qualities of water will have to be materially changed to develop a surface-tension great enough to support a machine big enough to carry a man—and a dog! If the springing apparatus can be devised so as to be independent of leverage from the surface of the water, the impact of the "floats," on alighting, will drive them far beneath the surface, and the "drag," for the repeated leap, will suffice to extinguish it. This machine is not going to be a success.



SHOWING THE BROAD PADDLE-SHAPED HIND-LEGS THAT MAKE POSSIBLE ITS "MARVELLOUS GYRATIONS" ON WATER SURFACES: THE WHIRLIGIG BEETLE.

"The Whirligig-beetle runs about on the water by means of short broad paddles. It can also dive beneath the surface and swim about, or anchor itself to weeds."

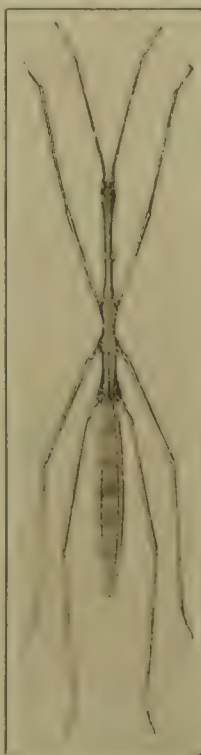


REPRESENTING THE MOST PRIMITIVE OF ALL INSECTS: ONE OF THE PODURIDÆ, OR SPRING-TAILS, THAT LEAP ON THE SURFACE OF POOLS.

"Spring-tails are to be found leaping about on the surface of rock-pools, like sand-hoppers on a beach. Some species are to be found running and leaping along on the surface of fresh-water ponds."

creeps about sluggishly on the surface, borne on excessively long and slender legs, only the feet touching the water, which is merely "dimpled" at the point of contact. Its near relations, the pond-skaters

about on the surface of ponds during the summer. As a rule, they seem to glide over the surface, but suddenly they will leap in all directions. And this by means of a curious rod at the end of the body, which can be thrust forwards, under the belly, and suddenly jerked backwards, driving the body upwards and forwards. Even the sudden thrust of this pointed rod does not break the surface film.



EASILY DROWNED: THE WATER-GNAT, WHICH CREEPS SLOWLY ON THE SURFACE.

"The Water-gnat, if submerged, has difficulty in regaining the surface, owing to the resistance of the surface film."

Drawing after Miall.



A SEA-SURFACE INSECT UNAFFECTED BY ROUGH WATER: AN OCEANIC SPECIES OF HALOBATES FROM THE MARQUESAS.

"During life these insects appear white, owing to the air enmeshed by the hairy covering of the body. In this species the female carries her eggs attached to her body; in others they are attached to floating objects, in one instance, a bird's feather."

Drawing after Sharp.



WITH HIND-LEGS TO STEER AND FRONT LEGS FOR SEIZING PREY: THE LIVELY POND-SKATER.

"The front legs are used for seizing living prey. These insects present two types—a long-winged and a short-winged. The species is thus known as 'dimorphic.'"

Drawing after Miall.

JACKDAWS OF WELLS WORSE THAN THAT OF REIMS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHOTOCROM COMPANY, LTD., AND SPECIAL PRESS.



SHOWING THE ROW OF STATUES OF THE TWELVE APOSTLES (NEAR THE TOP OF THE CENTRAL GABLE), SAID TO HAVE BEEN DAMAGED BY JACKDAWS NESTING BEHIND THEM: THE MAGNIFICENT WEST FRONT OF WELLS CATHEDRAL, REMARKABLE FOR THE LARGE AMOUNT OF STATUARY WITH WHICH IT IS DECORATED.



WHERE JACKDAWS HAVE DONE DAMAGE: REPAIRING A CORNER AT THE TOP OF THE GABLE OF WELLS CATHEDRAL, JUST ABOVE THE STATUES OF THE APOSTLES.



STATUES OF APOSTLES DAMAGED BY JACKDAWS: THE HEAD MASON OF WELLS CATHEDRAL AT WORK ON THE TWO FIGURES AT THE LEFT END OF THE TWELVE.

Jackdaws have a bad name in connection with cathedrals, as we know from the Ingoldsby Legends. The jackdaws of Wells are not accused of having purloined the Bishop's jewellery, as their relative of Reims did the Cardinal's ring, but they have been convicted of a more serious offence—that is, damaging the statues of the Apostles and other sculptures of the famous west front. It was recently stated in the Press that "Sir Charles Nicholson, the well-known ecclesiastical architect, in a report on the structural condition of Wells Cathedral, specially

refers to the damage done to statues owing to jackdaws nesting behind them. Many of these statues are in a perilous condition, and the West Front, one of the finest specimens of ecclesiastical architecture in the country, is being preserved against their inroads." No other English cathedral, it is said, possesses so many statues assembled together on one façade. The two points at which the men are here seen at work may be identified in the large photograph above, near the top of the central gable between the towers.

THE PROBLEM CITY OF AMERICA'S OLDEST CIVILISATION : LUBAANTUN.

By Dr. THOMAS GANN, Reader in Central American Archaeology at the University of Liverpool, Member of the Legislative Council and Principal Medical Officer of British Honduras.

THE ruined city of Lubaantun, situated in the south-western corner of British Honduras, close to the Guatemala frontier, is one of the most interesting sites left by the aboriginal inhabitants of Central America, who had developed the highest civilisation known on the American continent before its discovery by Europeans. It is unique, in that there exists here evidence of at least three different occupations on the same site, and there is every prospect that it will afford stratigraphic evidence which will throw light on the very obscure problem of dating the innumerable ruins scattered over the Maya area by the unique stylistic sequence afforded in weapons, ornaments, implements, buildings, and, above all, pottery figurines.

During the spring of 1925, Lady Brown, Mr. Mitchell Hedges, and myself, having obtained a concession for exploration and excavation in the ruins, proceeded to Lubaantun, where we completely cleared the citadel (the most important part of the city) from bush, and did such minor excavation as the very limited time and unsatisfactory labour at our disposal would permit. We first opened a number of small burial-mounds situated to the west and south of the citadel. The bones found in these in no case indicated an age of more than three or four centuries, while the latest burial had probably taken place less than a century ago. The objects found included spear and javelin heads of flint and obsidian; chert and greenstone axe-heads, chisels and gouges; hammer stones, beads of clay, shell, and stone; round ear-plugs, with pendants of shell; mirrors of iron pyrites; pottery vessels, mostly of the common domestic type; fragments of metates, or grinding-stones for maize; conch-shell trumpets, and whistles. All were, in fact, objects belonging to the last degenerate period of the Maya civilisation, and date from post-Columbian times, when this unhappy people were driven by their conquerors into the remotest fastnesses of the bush, in order to escape a virtual slavery, and were harried, persecuted, and driven even deeper and deeper into the primeval forest. Leading a miserable hand-to-mouth existence, never knowing when their huts might be discovered, their crops stolen, and themselves enslaved, they gradually lost all vestige of their former civilisation, and failed even to preserve any traditions of their former greatness.

One set of objects was found in nearly all the graves except those of the latest period—namely, clay figurines. Nearly one hundred were unearthed in all, some of which are shown in Figs. 1 and 7 (on pages 622-3). They are of extraordinary interest, as they give a vivid picture of the head-dress and costume worn by both men and women of the people who designed them. There can be little doubt but that these figurines belong to periods of Maya culture separated by long intervals of time. The tiger god shown in Fig. 7 (g) is almost an exact duplicate of

a sculpture on an altar at Copan; and the head with Muan bird head-dress, seen in Fig. 7 (c), might have been the work of the same artist who sculptured a similar head at Palenque. These two are undoubtedly of typical Maya Old Empire style, as is also the headless figure holding a fan, seen in Fig. 1 (10). On the other hand, the curious little plaque, Fig. 1 (7),

that of a man in mediæval European dress, showing that their manufacture must have been continued after the Conquest, and that Spanish dress was even introduced in their design. In Fig. 7 (A) is seen a small plaque exhibiting part of a central seated human figure surrounded by hieroglyphics. The two occupying the lower left-hand corner may be the head

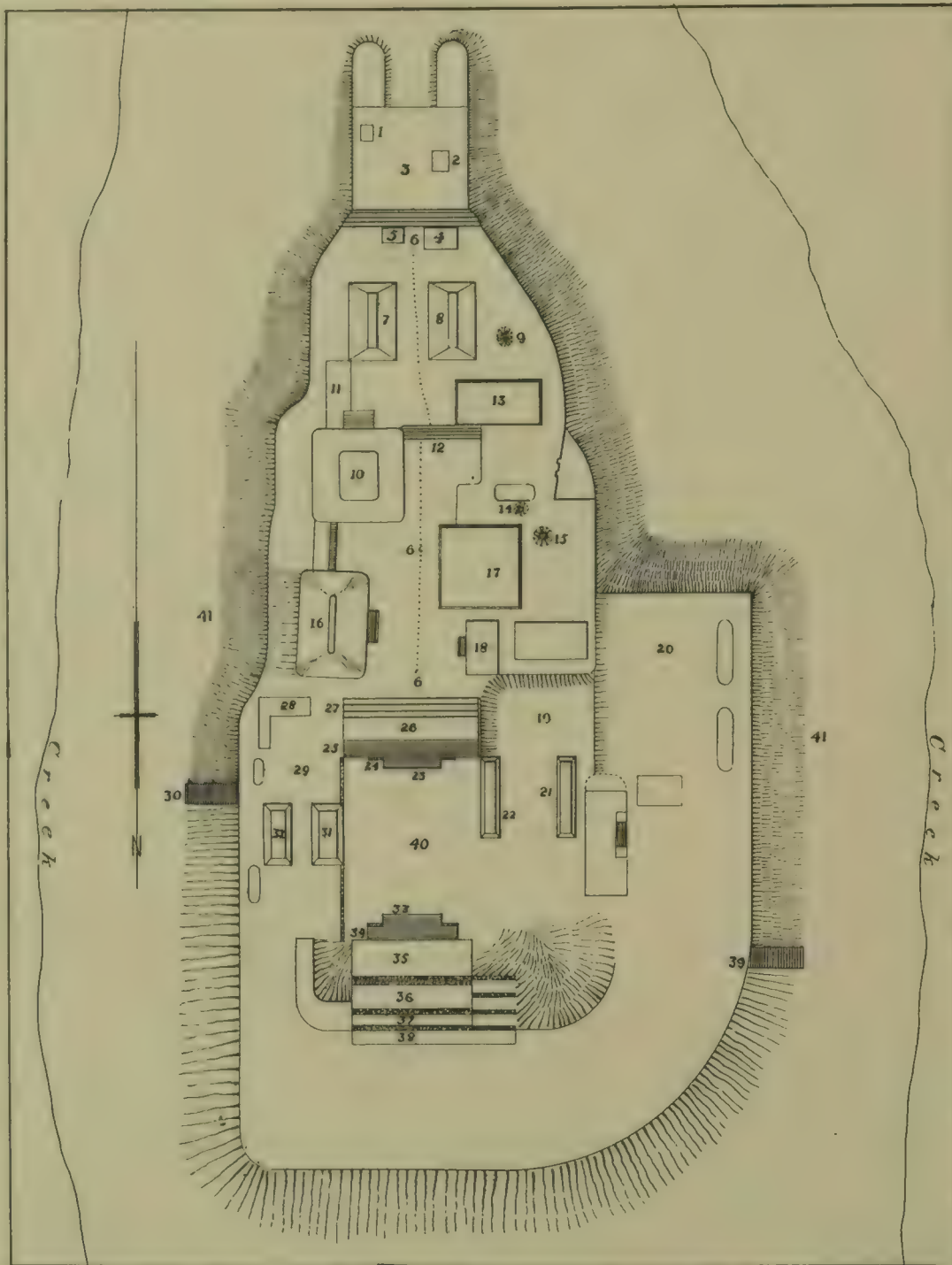
variant for the numeral 5, followed by the Katun sign, recording the end of Katun 5, which would correspond to the date 1635 A.D., approximately the period of many of these later burials. The information afforded by these figurines, both as to the age of the graves and the people who were buried in them, is so contradictory that it is impossible to draw any definite conclusions from it till more extended research and excavations have been made at the ruins.

The citadel is a pear-shaped structure faced with cut stone blocks and cement, forming an island elevated from 40 to 50 feet above the ground level. Its summit is covered by great stone-faced, terraced pyramids and cement-floored plazas, and occupies an area of between seven and eight acres, forming probably the largest individual aboriginal building on the American continent. The sides are nearly perpendicular, and faced throughout with cut stone. The summit is approached by three stone stairways, one in the east, one in the west, and one on the south side. The pyramids are all flat-topped, and, unlike all other Maya ruins, show no sign of ever having supported upon their summit stone temples or palaces. They are all partially or entirely in ruins, owing to the fact that no mortar was used to bind the squared stones together, and the roots of great trees, which have grown upon them for centuries, forcing the stones apart, have gradually destroyed the greater part of the outer covering. Nearly all the pyramids contain within them an inner and older structure, to which has been added at a later period an outer skin of cut stone. In some cases, in order to increase its size, and so render the pyramid more imposing, a layer of rubble has been interposed between these two structures, which, affording nourishment for the roots, has hastened the work of

destruction. On the summit of some of the pyramids, graves of the latest occupation, with contents exactly like those found outside the citadel, were discovered, showing that the last dwellers around the ruins in some cases used the pyramids as burial-places for their dead.

The amphitheatre is undoubtedly the most remarkable structure in this whole group of ruins. It occupies the northern half of the citadel, measuring 350 by 300 feet, and consists of a central sunk arena covering approximately a quarter of an acre, around which are arranged banks of seats, sloping terraces, and pyramids, in a most ingenious manner, evidently with the object of affording sitting and

[Continued on page 642.]



UNIQUE AMONG ANCIENT MAYA BUILDINGS: THE GREAT CITADEL OF LUBAANTUN—A KEY-PLAN TO THE RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.

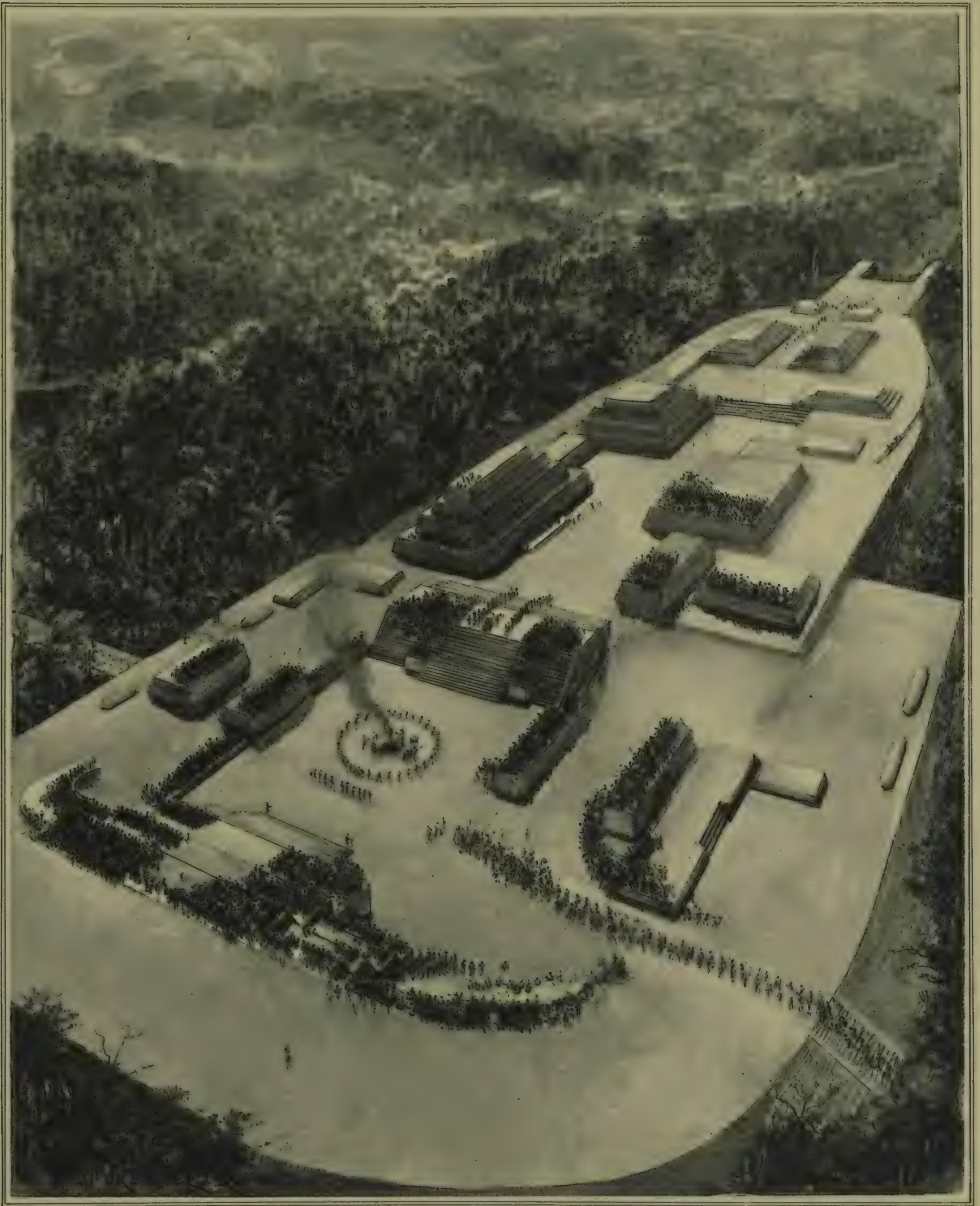
The numbers on the above plan indicate—(1) and (2) Bush houses for Dr. Gann and his workmen; (3) Terrace on which they stood; (4, 5, 7, 8, 10, 11, 13, 16 and 17) Flat-topped pyramids faced with cut stone; (6) Via Sacra (Sacred Way); (12) Stone stairway from lower to higher level of Via Sacra; (9, 14, and 15) Burial-mounds of middle period, built over ruins of ancient city; (19 and 20) Plazas—(19) below level of Via Sacra, and (20) below level of (19); (21 and 22) Stone-faced Pyramids to west of Arena; (23 to 27) The Southern Grand Stand; (33 to 38) The Northern Grand Stand; (28, 31, and 32) Stone-faced pyramids standing on sloping platform; (29) Plaza overlooking central arena; (30 and 39) Stone stairways leading up the almost perpendicular citadel walls; (40) The great central Arena of the Amphitheatre; (41) Stone-faced Walls of the Citadel, from 40 to 50 ft. high.—[Drawn by G. A. Elliott from Field Notes by Dr. T. W. F. Gann. Scale, 88 ft. to 1 in.]

showing a chief or god seated in a basket supported on a pole, borne on the shoulders of two retainers, is almost certainly of Maya Quiché origin, and is probably separated stylistically by 1000 years from the Old Empire figurines. Nos. (3), (4), and (11) of Fig. 1 are obviously portraits. No. 1 (12) shows a head of very markedly Mongolian type. No. 7 (b) shows a helmeted figure with vizor up; while two other figurines show individuals wearing curious wig-like head-dresses. All these last are in every way unlike the known products of the Maya art of any period.

Amongst the figurines found near the surface by Indians, in making their corn plantations, was

A "STADIUM" ON A CITADEL: WONDERS OF ABORIGINAL AMERICA.

RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING BY A. FORESTIER FROM INFORMATION SUPPLIED BY DR. THOMAS GANN, READER IN CENTRAL AMERICAN ARCHAEOLOGY AT THE UNIVERSITY OF LIVERPOOL.



"THE LARGEST INDIVIDUAL ABORIGINAL BUILDING ON THE AMERICAN CONTINENT": A RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING OF THE CITADEL OF LUBAANTUN, IN BRITISH HONDURAS, WITH ITS AMPHITHEATRE. (SEE KEY-PLAN OPPOSITE.)

The wonderful ruins of the ancient Maya city of Lubaantun, in British Honduras, are described on the opposite page by their discoverer, Dr. Thomas Gann, who contributed an illustrated article on the earlier stages of his excavations there to our issue of July 26, 1924. The above reconstruction drawing shows the great citadel—a structure with an area of seven to eight acres and steep walls 40 to 50 ft. high—whose remains have been cleared from amid dense forest. This view is looking south, with the northern end in the foreground containing the amphitheatre, in which an allegorical dramatic pageant, by masked performers,

is seen in progress before a large crowd of Maya spectators. "This great amphitheatre," writes Dr. Gann, "was the most important structure, round which centred the life of the community. Accommodation was provided for from 5000 to 10,000 spectators. . . . There is not in the whole area occupied by the ancient Maya, either during the Old or New Empire, a single structure analogous to this. Stone-faced pyramids and *plazas* exist in plenty, but this is the single instance in which the two have been combined with the obvious intention of affording a view of some ceremony or spectacle to a great concourse of people."

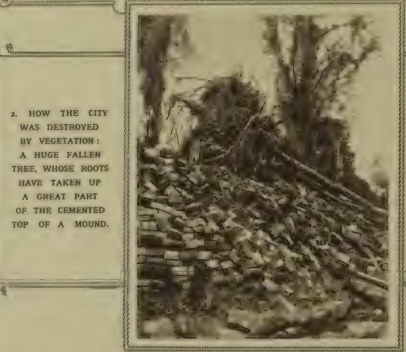
AMERICA'S HIGHEST ABORIGINAL CIVILISATION: LUBAANTUN—ITS WONDERFUL MAYA RUINS AND RELICS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF DR. THOMAS GANN, READER IN CENTRAL AMERICAN ARCHAEOLOGY AT THE UNIVERSITY OF LIVERPOOL. (SEE NUMBERED REFERENCES IN HIS ARTICLE ON PAGE 620.)



1. FROM LUBAANTUN GRAVES (OF THE LAST OCCUPATION); REMARKABLE FIGURINES INCLUDING (1) A TYPICAL CUPID-LIKE HEAD; (3) AN OLD WOMAN'S FACE; (7) A CHIEF SLAVES WEARING HEAD-DRESSES LIKE TOP-HATS; (8) TWO CRUDELY MODELLED FIGURES FACING EACH OTHER; (9) A HEADLESS AND ARMLESS FEMALE BUST IN A TIGHT

OR GOD (WITH HUGE TASSELLED EAR-PLUGS, A WIG-LIKE HEAD-DRESS, AND JEWELLED COLLAR WITH CRUCIFORM PENDANT) BORNE IN A BASKET-LIKE HAMMOCK BY CORSET-LIKE GARMENT; (10) A HEADLESS FIGURE IN AN APRON; (12) A HEAD OF MONGOLIAN TYPE; (13) A CUPID-LIKE FACE (AS IN NO. 1) USED IN A HEAD-DRESS.



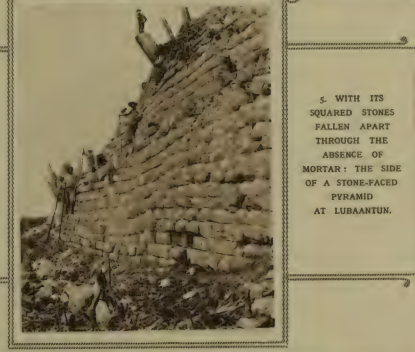
2. HOW THE CITY WAS DESTROYED BY VEGETATION: A HUGE FALLEN TREE, WHOSE ROOTS HAVE TAKEN UP A GREAT PART OF THE CEMENTED TOP OF A MOUND.



3. SHOWING THE CENTRAL CORE OF THE OLDER STRUCTURE, AND THE OUTER WALL ADDED AT A MUCH LATER PERIOD: A STONE PYRAMID AT LUBAANTUN, WITH DR. GANN (RIGHT) IN THE FOREGROUND.



4. ONE OF MANY AT LUBAANTUN THAT DIFFER FROM OTHER MAYA RUINS IN NEVER HAVING BEEN SURMOUNTED BY A TEMPLE: A STONE-FACED FLAT-TOPPED PYRAMID.



5. WITH ITS SQUARED STONES FALLEN APART THROUGH THE ABSENCE OF MORTAR: THE SIDE OF A STONE-FACED PYRAMID AT LUBAANTUN.



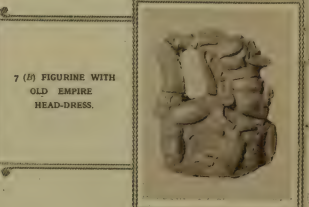
6. WHERE THE AMPHITHEATRE SEATS WERE SO ARRANGED, WITH A SYSTEM OF SUBSIDIARY TERRACES, THAT LATE COMERS NEED NOT SQUEEZE PAST SPECTATORS ALREADY IN THEIR PLACES: THE SOUTHERN ASPECT OF THE ARENA ON THE CITADEL AT LUBAANTUN.



7. FIGURINES FOUND IN LATE GRAVES: (A) A CLAY PLAQUE WITH GLYPHS.



7 (C) FIGURINE WITH MUAN BIRD HEAD-DRESS.



7 (D) FIGURINE WITH OLD EMPIRE HEAD-DRESS.



7 (E) FIGURINE WITH VIZOR-LIKE HEAD-DRESS; (F) ANTHRO-POMORPHIC FIGURINE OF THE TIGER GOD.



8. REMAINS OF THE GREAT AMPHITHEATRE BUILT TO HOLD FROM 5000 TO 10,000 SPECTATORS ON THE CITADEL AT LUBAANTUN; TERRACES TO THE NORTH OF THE ARENA FOR SEATING THE AUDIENCE, AS ON A GRAND STAND

The great Citadel of the ancient Maya city of Lubaantun, in British Honduras, with its arena and amphitheatre for some 10,000 spectators, was one of the greatest monuments of American antiquity. These wonderful ruins, whose present condition is shown in several of the above photographs, are described on page 620 by their discoverer, Dr. Thomas Gann, and facing his article is a reconstruction drawing of the citadel as it probably appeared in the days before the Spanish Conquest, with a dramatic pageant in progress before a crowded audience. Describing the numerous clay figurines found in graves of later date at Lubaantun, some of which are illustrated here, Dr. Gann says: "They are of extraordinary interest, as they give a vivid picture of the head-dress and costume worn by both men and women of the people who designed them. . . . The tiger god shown in Fig. 7 (E) is almost an exact duplicate of a sculpture on an altar at Copan; and the head with Muan bird head-dress, seen in Fig. 7 (C), might have been the work of the same artist who sculptured a similar

head at Palenque. These two are undoubtedly of typical Maya Old Empire style, as is also the headless figure holding a fan, seen in Fig. 1 (10). On the other hand, the curious little plaque, Fig. 1 (7), showing a chief or god seated in a basket supported on a pole, borne on the shoulders of two retainers, is almost certainly of Maya Quiché origin, and is probably separated stylistically by 1000 years from the Old Empire figurines. Nos. (3), (4), and (11) of Fig. 1 are obviously portraits. No. 1 (12) shows a head of very markedly Mongolian type. No. 7 (D) shows a headdress figure with vizor up, while two others show individuals wearing curious wig-like head-dresses. . . . In Fig. 7 (A) is seen a small plaque exhibiting part of a central seated human figure surrounded by hieroglyphics. The two occupying the lower left-hand corner may be the head variant for the numeral 5, followed by the Katun sign, recording the end of Katun 5, which would correspond to the date 1635 A.D., approximately the period of these later burials."

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

THERE is something at once tragic and intriguing about a posthumous fragment of narrative from a famous pen. Personal regret, or disappointment that his work is left incomplete, is tempered by the thought that it provides an endless source of mental exercise, in the shape of the ever-fresh but ever-insoluble problem—how would it have developed, and what would have been the ending? It is rather surprising, when one remembers that art is long and life is short, and death often sudden, that unfinished masterpieces are not more numerous. A few classic examples at once spring to mind; in poetry, the "Hyperion" of Keats; in fiction, the "Edwin Drood" of Dickens; and the "St. Ives" and "Weir of Hermiston" of Stevenson. To these has now to be added the last effort of another great novelist, who gave it a title to which fate has lent a strangely symbolic meaning.

In his introduction to "SUSPENSE," by Joseph Conrad (J. M. Dent and Sons; 7s. 6d. net), Mr. Richard Curle, in an admirable tribute of appreciation, points out that "the suspense will last for ever. Nobody could even faintly guess how the story would have ended." Mr. Curle's account of that last conversation with Conrad, on the day before he died, and of the novelist's remark—"I see five or six different lines of treatment"—suggests at first a feeling of regret that his friend "did not press him for explanations." But, on reflection, one realises that, if Conrad himself was doubtful of the issue (and a novelist never quite knows what his characters may do next when he brings them to life in his brain), it is better that he did not give any outline, which he himself might have altered, and some other hand might be tempted to fill in. As it is, I think there is little danger of such a proceeding, which is one devoutly to be deprecated.

"Suspense" is no mere process of incidents (though not lacking in that respect), leading to a more or less foregone conclusion, which a competent romancer might complete for the satisfaction of such readers as care more for the plot than the style. It is a characteristic work of imagination by a highly individual and inimitable writer, whose peculiar quality no one else could adequately convey. It is Conrad at the height of his powers, mature and somewhat brisker than of old, pruned of early *longueurs* in disquisition or description, handling a romantic tale of love and adventure with dramatic force, and conveying with subtle skill the spirit and outlook of a bygone day.

The time of the story is that of Napoleon's exile in Elba, a subject which Conrad had long had in view for a novel on the grand scale, and in preparation for which he evidently steeped himself in the history of the period. But he does not impart his knowledge, or sketch the historical background, as some novelists are too apt to do, by informative passages like extracts from a text-book; he weaves it deftly into the doings and conversations of his characters.

Napoleon himself does not appear in person (the question whether he would have done so eventually is part of the enigma Conrad has bequeathed us), but he is the pervading influence of the book, the secret mainspring of the plot. More than once is it remarked that he is the "invisible third" whenever two men meet, the "unseen presence" wherever "a few people come together." Again: "All Italy is seething with conspiracies. What, however, they are most afraid of is the Man of Elba."

Into this web of plot and counter-plot, among a rich variety of characters, including a revolutionary innkeeper and an English doctor on secret service for the Allies, is drawn young Cosmo Latham, who has come to Genoa in the course of his *grand tour*, with no particular object beyond seeing life, but moved by a strong admiration for Napoleon. Cosmo's father, a Yorkshire squire, had befriended and housed an exiled French marquis and marquise, with their little daughter, during the Terror, and at Genoa Cosmo seeks out the girl he had known as a child, now grown up and the wife of a boorish plutocrat whom she had married to save the family fortunes. The romance of Cosmo and Adèle, tenderly adumbrated, and now left inconclusive, had not reached the stage of declaration when Cosmo disappeared, having (as the reader knows, but not Adèle) become involved, through a chance meeting with a conspirator, in an enterprise to convey secret papers to Elba by boat.

It was fitting that Conrad's last work should close with an adventure on the water. A nocturnal adventure it is, in the harbour of Genoa, and he invests it with all the old glamour; all his feeling for the mysterious spaces

of sky and ocean. The final sentences, about the death of the old boatman—an ancient mariner of grey hairs

And eyes grown dim with gazing on the pilot stars—

possess a sad but appropriate significance, as the last published words of a great writer who, in word and deed, had faithfully "followed the sea."

Anyone who, having paced a sea-shore at evening, returns and enters the glitter of a fashionable hotel, is conscious of a sharp change of atmosphere and feeling—a change from the infinity of night and the sea wind, with its messages from distant lands, to the narrow range of purely mundane affairs. One feels a rather similar sense of contrast in turning from Conrad's last book to a new novel by an author who is still with us—"THE GREAT PANDOLFO," by William J. Locke (John Lane, The Bodley Head; 7s. 6d. net). I do not mean to suggest that Mr. Locke has no eye for the beauty of nature, or love of the open air. He can describe as well as anyone a moun-

interesting commentary on Conrad's last talk about his book "To tell the story he is about to write is a fearsome task for a novelist. For, Frankenstein as he is, how does he know that his monsters, however gentle they may be, may not, midway, defy him, and if not, do him to death; at any rate, tell him to go to the devil, and assert their right to work out their own destinies?"

Sir Victor Pandolfo, hero of the book that bears his name, is a successful inventor, of obscure Anglo-Italian origin and inexhaustible egotism, flamboyant and bombastic, but withal magnanimous and, on occasion, quixotic. He carries all before him with a magnificent flourish, whether it be a waiter or an hotel manager, a railway guard or a Custom House official, or a woman he wants to marry. The woman in the case is a war widow, who has lost both husband and child, and returned to the whirl of Society—a typical Lockian paragon of wit and beauty, *savoir faire*, and *savoir dire*. The main interest of the story is her struggle against the shock tactics of Sir Victor on the one hand, and the persistent siege of another lover, a dry stick of a diplomatist. At times also she seems to look with favour on the shy advances of Sir Victor's secretary, whom the magnificent man had found derelict on the Embankment, and had taken into his service there and then because he showed a knowledge of mineralogy. It would not be fair either to author or reader to reveal which of the three swains is eventually favoured—suffice it to say that the great Pandolfo shows himself as magnificent in adversity as in prosperity.

Seasoned Locke enthusiasts will find in this novel all the qualities that they admire. Having read most, if not all, of his previous books (long ago at The Bodley Head, where they were published, I used to make a practice of taking one out to lunch at some tea-shop in Bond Street), I rather regret the author's increasing predilection, in the later novels, for the circles of wealth and fashion; of high-powered motor-cars, luxurious dinners, and priceless wines. Time was when Mr. Locke introduced us occasionally to people on the ordinary plane in which most of us live and move and have our being. I cannot imagine the great Pandolfo in a tea-shop.

In "THE CHIP AND THE BLOCK," by E. M. Delafield (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d. net), which moves among plain, workaday folk, there is one point of resemblance to Mr. Locke's book, in that its principal character is likewise an unmitigated egotist. Charles Ellery is a novelist, and we meet him first as a struggling hack-writer full of advanced Socialistic ideas, with an overworked wife and three young children, living in Kensington, mainly on allowances from parents. "Chas," as his wife calls him, is always full of talk concerning his own personality, and when there is an epidemic about he has it most lightly, but makes the most exacting patient. When his long-suffering wife, having nursed the rest of the family through influenza, herself succumbs, "Chas," of course, is volubly inconsolable, but it is not so very long before he consoles himself. The early chapters are a close study of the characters of the three children, a girl and two boys, and their several reactions to the discipline of a strait-laced and provincial grandmother and maiden aunts. The eldest, Paul, who lived mainly on memories of his mother, has two strangely contrasted love affairs. Jeanie marries money and a title. Victor, the youngest, in whom, at first, his father sees a replica of himself, becomes later a thorn in the paternal side.

"Chas," who abandons idealism and wins success at last by writing popular novels, is harassed by an infant prodigy of a son who confronts him with his own early views, and goes more than one better. There is no particular plot. The story is just a succession of incidents in domestic life, and depends for its interest on the author's keen and satirical study of temperament. Many different characters are admirably portrayed, and the reader feels they are all living people. Towards the end of the book, an incidental allusion indicates that the period is pre-war, for in a description of a tea-party at Hampstead, in which cranks and Theosophists were prominent, we learn that "it was Paul's first introduction to the Bohemia of the years round about 1912." While Paul is the most appealing character, the main theme, as the title indicates, is the clash of will and temperament between the venomous Victor and the irrepressible "Chas," whom we leave recovered from "a perfectly successful operation" which he, of course, had loudly proclaimed he would never be able to survive.

C. E. B.



A FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD ESSEX GIRL CLIMBS THE MATTERHORN IN LESS THAN FIVE HOURS: MISS EILEEN JACKSON, WITH HER FATHER (STANDING BEHIND HER), AND TWO GUIDES, RESTING ON THE SUMMIT.

Miss Eileen Jackson, of Mistle Place, Manningtree, Essex, recently accomplished a remarkable feat for a girl of fifteen, by climbing the Matterhorn in 4½ hours. She was accompanied by a guide, and followed by her father with another guide. The party rested on the summit, where our photograph was taken, for half an hour, and then came down. The descent occupied 2½ hours, so that the whole expedition lasted 7¼ hours from start to finish.

Photograph by Photopress.

tain view or a picturesque old city, an English landscape or a journey through Savoy or France. But he is all the time more interested in the travellers, and in the journey's end, especially when it ends in lovers meeting. He is concerned mainly with the social world of modern men and women, people engrossed in their own personal ambitions, their successes and failures, without much thought for the millions toiling outside the golden pale, or for the general welfare of humanity.

If, however, his world is somewhat limited, he has explored it thoroughly, and knows it well. He is a delightful *raconteur*, in a humorous, almost convivial, vein, of the lives and loves of well-bred and generally well-fed people. He is a master in the art of conveying *nuances* of motive, and he has the knack of making rather impossible characters appear plausible, and of creating realistic situations which seldom occur in real life. He is also a skilful deviser of plots and surprises, and he writes in an easy, urbane style, coruscating with neat repartee and recondite allusions. His books are always readable, although they tend to a certain sameness of scheme, and a repetition of well-known Lockian types of character. I have heard him accused of sentimentality, and certainly he is not to be charged with cynicism.

In his new book there is one passage, where the heroine is sketching her plot for a new novel, which forms an

A FAMOUS PAINTER'S SITTERS A

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"BISHAM ABBEY": A "POR-
TRAIT INTERIOR" BY SIR
JOHN LAVERY, R.A., THE
FIGURE IN THE FOREGROUND
BEING THAT OF THE WELL-
KNOWN NOVELIST, MARY
BORDEN (MRS. E. L. SPEARS),
THE AUTHOR OF "JANE OUR
STRANGER."



Sir John Lavery, R.A., the famous painter, is holding
at the Leicester Galleries this month, in which he is sh
type, described as "portrait interiors." They are car
having as their subjects rooms in the houses of well-
occupants appearing as small figures amid the surroundi
We reproduce here two examples of this attractive ne
traiture. The upper one shows a picturesque timbered
Sutton Courtney, the country home of the Earl and

